

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 7.]

The
AMIABLE WIFE
and
ARTFUL MISTRESS.

*An Extract from SANTO SEBASTI-
ANO, a Novel.*

' Though lord Delamore's late acquired dislike to London confines him so much to the country, he has constantly made my mother spend every spring in town, to keep up the family state and consequence in the public eye ; and to mix with those of her own station, unmingled with the base alloy, which in the country he is compelled to admit into the society of his family. Last year, being eighteen, I was presented ; and a very delightful time we had in town, from the queen's to the king's birth-day : but this year, alas ! how sadly different ! My father, out of sorts with every one, because he had unjustly quarrelled with his son, would not accompany us to town ; but staid here brooding mischief, and at length fretting himself into illness. My dear mother, in consequence of mental disquietude, fell dangerously ill the last week in January, and continued in a very

weak and precarious state until the beginning of May. By the management of Selina, my father knew not the danger my mother had been in, until it was past ; and just as he heard of it, his terrible illness came on ; when I hastened down to him, and found him so weak, so ill, so full of agonising pain, so very near death, that I felt my supposed hatred of him had been all delusion. For two days after my arrival, he knew me not, his fever ran so high (his complaint; rheumatic gout) ; but when his abating pain, and consequent decrease of fever, allowed him to observe me, he eagerly called me to him, kissed me tenderly, said " I looked like my angel mother " (a resemblance he never allowed before), and bade me " not to leave him." I meant to obey him ; but shortly after, I was compelled to retire with his physicians, to receive instructions from them.

' On my return to my father, he said to me, in a tone that thrilled through my heart, " *My child*, go to bed. I remarked how pale and thin you looked ; and Holt has informed me, your long and tender attendance upon your mother subdued you, and that you have been

very ill, and in a rheumatic fever too. I know that pain, and must feel for you : but hearing you left your sick chamber, for the first time, to come to me ; and that since your arrival you never sought your pillow ; has given such pain to my heart, I cannot bear it.—Go to bed, my child.”

‘ I wept for joy, at this proof of his affectionate concern for me ; and feeling that Nature did absolutely require my taking rest, to sustain me through, what the physicians apprehended of my father, I retired : after two hours’ rest, I returned, and found him still ; his curtains drawn around him. I sat quietly by his bed-side, until I heard him sigh heavily, and move. I then gently drew aside the curtain, to look at him ; when he instantly caught my hand, and pressed it affectionately to his lips.—Oh ! how my heart thrilled !

‘ That night, as the hasty foreboding doctors apprehended, he had a relapse ; but it turned out, most fortunately, of little consequence : when, in the first moments of returning pain, poor Holt, overpowered by his sorrow, unguardedly dropped some word expressive of despair. My father, with almost terrifying vehemence, instantly exclaimed—‘ Driveller ! I am not dying. I cannot, will not, die ! Emily cannot now come to me ; and on the bosom of my angel wife, only, will I resign my last breath.’

Oh, Miss De Clifford ! what delusive dreams of happiness for us all did augur from these emphatic words ! During the very slow progress of my father’s amendment, his kindness and growing partiality to me seemed hourly to increase. We talked incessantly of my mother. I ventured to speak of St. Orville ; my father seemed pleased that I did so ; and we often pursued the subject together. At length the Gazette arrived containing my gallant brother’s late glorious achievement ; during the perusal of which, my father wept like a child ; and, as soon as abated agitation permitted him to hold a pen, he wrote a long letter to St Orville :—what it contained I know not ; but it cost lord Delamore many tears.

‘ It happened, most unfortunately, that my father was so much recovered, as to be able to walk out before the return of my mother ;—a return, I have no doubt, Selina most diabolically retarded : writing for so many renewals of leave of absence ;—first for permission to stay the birth-day ; and then that my mother looked pale, and was so weak she was not yet equal to so long a journey ;—and this was all, I am certain, because she dreaded their meeting before Monk had an opportunity of working my overthrow in my father’s favour, and turning his heart from my mother. Last Monday—oh ! it was black Monday for me !—my father walked over to visit that en-

chantress Monk : and returned from her an altered being. No more did his eyes beam with affection on me : no more was his voice attuned by kindness. Alas ! he returned the harsh, stern father, I had ever before found him. I thanked Heaven, St. Orville's letter was gone, beyond the reach of malice to recal ; but I trembled for all the airy castles I had built, for the conjugal happiness of my parents : and, alas ! alas ! the frigid reception my father gave my mother after a separation of almost five months—and after her dangerous indisposition, and his own—cruelty put every lingering hope to flight. I know he was offended at her want of punctuality, in not being at Bridgeport, to which place he anxiously rode this morning, to meet her (the longest ride he has attempted since his illness) : fatigue and disappointment terribly irritated him—but could not have occasioned such a heartless reception as that : and I cannot but mingle self-upbraidings with my sorrow : for I doubt not my indignant impetuosity increased the malice and machinations of Mrs. Monk.

‘On my father's being taken ill, this Circe flew thither. By his lordship's order, she was admitted, and became his chief nurse :—and such a nurse, Seabright the house-keeper told me, never was before seen ! . . . Sitting rocking herself on her chair, with a face a yard long, to look woe-begone ; and

without rouge, to look like grief. Howling, when he moaned ; fidgetting with the curtains, when he dosed, effectually to awaken him ; running about, shouting, bawling, and calling every one—impeding all ; and doing nothing herself, when his pain became violent and alarming—but officiously giving him all his medicines, of which, in her tender, agonised anxiety (as she herself termed it) always contriving to spill two-thirds : though she managed never to lose a drop of the Maderia she had continually recourse to, to sustain her through her heart rending attendance : and both Seabright and Holt affirm, they are certain she threw the medicines about, and made all her noises, on purpose to prevent his recovery, being anxious to come into possession of the immense bequest he has made to her. Certainly, from the moment my father's rest was undisturbed and that he got all his medicines, he recovered rapidly.

‘However, to return to the point, of myself upbraiding.—On my arrival this vile woman retired to my father's dressing-room, where I most unexpectedly encountered her. My indignation, at there beholding the destroyer of my mother's happiness, almost amounted to frenzy : I ordered her instantly to quit the castle ; nor ‘dare to contaminate the air I breathed, with her polluted breath.’ Her eyes flashed fire : but I suppose the fire which flashed from mine was

more tremendous ; for she obeyed me, without uttering a syllable : but never shall I forget the look of deadly, implacable vengeance she darted at me. It struck the chill of terror to my heart, and made my coward frame shake with direful apprehension.'

This long narrative, of lady Theodosia's; was told without a single audible comment from our heroine : for her ladyship, feeling that to remark upon the circumstances she recited must be painfully unpleasant to her young companion, delicately contrived to avoid any pause that might seem to demand a reply. But though Julia spoke not, her heart was too feelingly alive to every propensity, not to be struck most forcibly with many and varied emotions, during this distressing narration : which (whilst it inspired much tender solicitude, sympathising sorrow, highly awakened admiration, the extreme of indignation, contempt, and horror) drew the resistless tear of pity from her eyes.

Her ladyship's communications had seen the close of evening out: and, by moon-light, they had paced many a turns upon the terrace, an earnest speaker and an attentive hearer : and, so deeply were they both engaged, they heard not the supper-bell, nor thought of returning until the old butler came, himself, to seek them.

'O Heavens !' exclaimed lady Theodosia, 'how heedless of time

I have been ! I have made you shed so many tears, that your eyes, and my own, will awaken suspicion of the conversation of our walk.'

Her ladyship, and Julia, now contrived, by the aid of a watering-pot, to get some water from an adjacent lake, on which the moon-beams brightly played, and bathed their eyes, until they believed every trace of tears was removed. This little hurry and exertion, by abstracting their thoughts from the subjects that before so much saddened them, gave to their spirits something like cheering exhilliation, and led them back to the castle totally devoid of every appearance of dejection, which, to the penetrating eyes of lady Selina might have betrayed them.

The same party assembled at supper, which formed their dinner circle. Ladies Delamore & Selina entertained the two gentlemen with town news, and anecdotes of several persons and occurrences, they had heard and met with during their long absence : until lord Delamore suddenly said—'Emily, did you remember to bring me the medal ?'

Her ladyship instantly drew from her pocket a case, which she thought contained a medal, and handed it to her husband : but in a moment, aware of her mistake, she, in great trepidation, reached out the medal, demanding her own case—but it was too

late : lord Delamore had opened it ; and the cheeks of lady Delamore were blanched with apprehension and terror. His lordship started, looked for a moment, and then exclaimed—'Oh! how speaking is this invaluable likeness to my boy!'—After a few moments more, spent in earnest gaze upon it, he returned the portrait to the trembling lady Delamore, into whose eyes the sudden tears of joyful surprise had been called, by the words—'invaluable likeness to my boy;' but discretion arrested the fall of those happy tears.

Spirited conversation was now at an end: the incident of the portrait, for different reasons, unhinged the parents and their daughters; and all full of obtruding thoughtfulness, no one was able to bear a connected part in discourse. After a few unsuccessful efforts, by Mr. Temple and Julia, to restore converse, all sunk into silence; and lady Delamore, at length, aware of the universal gloom, broke up the dumb party, and they separated for the night.

(Concluded.)

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

From this time we find Swift was treated by the ministry with the most unreserved confidence in regard to public affairs, and the most familiar intimacy in private :

being always present at their most sacred consultations in political matters, and a constant companion of their chosen parties, to enliven their social hour.

Swift had a difficult point to manage, and one which was attended with more immediate danger than all the rest : that of keeping the ministry from quarrelling among themselves. Happy therefore was it for the ministry, that they had, in Swift, such a faithful monitor to remind them of their errors, and such an able coadjutor, to supply their deficiencies. As no man perhaps ever possessed a greater degree of natural sagacity than Swift, or was master of a deeper penetration, from close observations made on human nature.

In April 1713, Swift was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, and in the beginning of June following he set out for Ireland, in order to be installed. His intention was to take up his residence there, but the ministry, to whom his presence was become necessary, would not suffer it: and were so importunate for his return, that after he had passed through the necessary forms, and recovered from an indisposition which had confined him some time at his living in the country, he returned to London, though very unwillingly. Upon his arrival he found his presence necessary on two very material accounts. One was to prevent if possible a

rupture between the ministers; the other was to defend the articles of peace. In the former of these points he succeeded for some time so far as to make them keep fair appearances towards each other, whatever ill will might be rankling in their heart. And with regard to the latter, he applied himself to the finishing of the History of the Peace of Utrecht, in which he had made a considerable progress before he had gone to take possession of his Deanery. When he had finished the history, he put it into the hands of Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbrooke, in order that it might be published, and soon after returned to his Deanery.—But he had scarce arrived there when there were a hundred letters sent after him to recall him with all speed, in order to use his endeavours to reconcile the ministers, who, soon after he had turned his back, had come to an open rupture. Upon this intelligence Swift returned immediately, though he had scarce been a fortnight in Dublin, Swift after various schemes, finding the breach between the ministers irreconcilable, told them he was resolved to retire, saying that as he was a common friend to both he would not upon a breach take part with either. Had Swift been a selfish man he might certainly have made what terms he pleased, as his weight, thrown into either scale, would have been of great moment. But he was actuated upon this occasion by that high principle of honor, from which he

never swerved in the whole course of his life.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a-while,

His great contending friends to reconcile:

Performs what friendship, justice, truth require;

What could he more, but decently retire?

It was on this occasion that he wrote that spirited pamphlet, called 'Some free thoughts upon the present state of affairs.'

In this critical situation of affairs and in the midst of that load of business which was thrown upon Swift's shoulders, let us stop a while to admire the vigour and activity of his mind, which, at such a juncture, could find leisure to throw out, as if it were a holiday task, his favourite design, of establishing the English language on some solid foundation. In a letter to the archbishop of Dublin, there is this passage. 'I have been engaging my lord treasurer, and the other great men, in a project of my own. Which they tell me they will embrace, especially his lordship. He is to erect some kind of society or academy, under the patronage of the ministers, & protection of the Queen for connecting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language. The methods must be left to the society; only I am writing a letter to my lord treasurer, by way of proposals, and some general hints, which I design to publish, and he expects

from me. All this may come to nothing, although I find the ingenious and learned men of all my acquaintance fall readily in with it; and so I hope will your grace, if the design can be well executed. I would desire at leisure some of your grace's thoughts on this matter.'

The proud spirit of Swift was much fonder of conferring, than receiving obligations. In his journal of March 1711—12, where he says, he can do nothing for himself, he adds, 'I don't care, I shall have ministers, and other people obliged to me.' And he did not wish to receive any return for his services, till they were swelled to such a height, as to make any reward, how great soever, fall short of their value, and so free him from any debt on the score of obligation. He had all this time an opportunity of displaying the pride of independence, and of shewing, that by his own talents and intrinsic worth, without any of the usual aids in life, he could raise himself to a higher degree of consequence and power, than others could do by noble birth, high station, or enormous wealth. It must have been no small gratification to him, to think that it was to this little dean of St. Patrick's, that the ministry were indebted for remaining in their posts: that he was their protector and preserver in those posts, in spite of their enemies, and of themselves. That by degrees he grew into such con-

fidence with them, that there was nothing done in public affairs without consulting him; and that the world in general considered him as the *primum mobile* of all their conduct, insomuch that there were many speeches made against him by name, on that account, both in the house of lords and commons. that he should have the greatest men, foreign ambassadors, &c. soliciting the ministry through him for favours. That his acquaintance should be courted by persons of the highest rank, and obtained only by a few not on the score of their quality, or fortunes but merit. Was there not a secret pride in receiving these in a lodging of 8 shillings a week, and walking to the doors of the greatest men of the age, which flew open at his appearance? Never sure was a greater triumph of parts & virtue, over the usual idols of the world. To the immortal honor of Swift be it recorded, that he was the first man of letters and genius that we read of, who asserted the superiority of talents over titles; of virtue over wealth, in the face of the great and the rich: and not content with vain speculations, and idle declaiming on the subject, as all others had done, boldly demanded and received the homage due such superiority, both for himself and others.

When Lord Oxford had desired Swift to introduce Dr. Parnell to him, he refused to do it upon this Principle that a man of genius

was a character superior to that of a Lord in high station, and therefore obliged my Lord to introduce himself, which he did in the most courteous manner, on which occasion Swift in his journal boastingly says: 'I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry.' His contemporary authors all received the benefit of this, and by following his example in placing a proper value on themselves, were treated with more respect than ever fell to the share of their predecessors, or those who have since succeeded them. Pope acknowledges his obligation to him on this score where he says: 'The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you: both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors.'

Nothing but the extraordinary talents of Swift, and uncommon degree of merit in a variety of ways, could possibly have made the great ones of the world descend so far from their pride, as to admit their new claim, and pay him that homage which they had always considered as due only to themselves. And indeed he seems to have been looked up to by all the world as one of a superior race of beings, or, like the Phoenix, as one who formed a class in the individual, standing alone, without a rival or competitor.—And tho' encompassed by a cluster of the

brightest geniuses that Ireland or England ever produced at any given era, yet he stood distinguished in the circle, and as the acknowledged monarch of wits, received the voluntary homage of his peers. And indeed among all classes of eminent writers, generally not the most humble of the human race, there was not one found vain enough to dispute his title, and all on different occasions have borne testimony to the superiority of his genius, of which many instances might be produced, both in their works and in the course of letters which passed between them.

In the year 1714, Swift returned to Ireland, and in 1720, published his first Political Tract relative to Ireland, entitled, 'A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures.' As no work of his appeared written during the space of near four years after this publication, it is highly probable that his leisure hours were employed in writing "Gulliver's Travels." In the year 1724, an opportunity offered which he eagerly embraced of dispersing those clouds, behind which he had been for some time concealed, and of blazing forth in a higher lustre than ever. At that time a project was set on foot by one William Wood, an obscure man, which, had it succeeded, would have ended in the total and perhaps irretrievable ruin of Ireland. A patent was granted for coining half pence for the use of

Ireland, without consulting any mortal of that kingdom, or even giving any previous notice of it to the Lord Lieutenant. Justly alarmed at the consequences to be apprehended from this, and fired with resentment, Swift took up the pen, and under the feigned character of M. B. Drapier, represented all the fatal consequences that would necessarily attend the carrying of it into execution, in so plain and clear a light as to spread a general alarm through all ranks and orders of men thro'out the nation.

(To be Continued.)

APHORISMS.

Benefits.—Every body takes pleasure in returning small obligations: many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones: but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude,

Coquetry.—It is a sort of coquetry to boast that we never coquet.

All women are coquets though all do not practice coquetry: some are restrained by fear: others by reason.

The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.

Coquets take a pride in appearing to be jealous of their lovers, in order to conceal their being envious of other women.

THE OBSERVER,

NUMBER VII.

Among the vices which the soonest and most effectually debase and pollute human nature, we may number profane swearing and drunkenness;—and these are more immediately practised thro' the instrumentality of evil company.—

There is no saying to what length they will eventually lead us;—no wonder if to murder,—and of course, an untimely and ignominious death. Parents and guardians cannot be too careful of the morals of their children or words; they cannot be too watchful over the growing dispositions of their minds;—it is better to err in restricting them, than in allowing them a freedom, which eventuates in licentiousness.—Young persons often suffer in their after years, by a neglect shewn them by their parents.

How mournful the sight to behold a person in early life, yielding up that life, to the violated laws of his country; in pity we exclaim, alas, he might have lived to be the friend of many!—he might have lived to much usefulness in the world!—yet, whilst we sympathize, justice demands our ascent to his death;—a death of public shame, a descent of public infamy to the grave.—How strong is the language of Scripture. "If, in enmity, a man smitteth another with his hand that he dieth, he

shall surely be put to death," for he is a murderer. Thine eye shall not pity him.

He is not punished to gratify a spirit of malice or revenge: He is not held up as a spectacle of misery, that by men he may suffer insult, nor that they may rejoice at his misery. No!—but to impress on the minds of beholders, a sense of the malignity of murder, and to deter them from the commission of so foul a crime.—The criminal is punished that the community may regain its dignity, and escape the vengeance of God. To preserve sacred the laws of our country, and for the safety of the commonwealth, the awful sentence is executed, and the sacrifice cannot be dispensed with. If murder were left unpunished, under such circumstances, we should tacitly approve of it, and thus partake of the crime.

The crime is expressly forbid by the Almighty, if a man is injured in his property, reputation and person; the law of this land of freedom and good government, will afford him redress. But he has not a right to take the life of his fellow man, we should not kill a man, because God forbid the deed; because he is created in the likeness of God, for his glory, by killing a man, we so far declare, Gods glory shall not be promoted: and thereby exhibited a manifest opposition to the will of heaven. A state is composed of individuals,

to take the life of one is treason against all; because it deprives the state of one of its members, of his time, talents and usefulness; and by these means, weakens its number and its respectability. It is a crime committed against a family, and here oftener the evil is most severely felt, and cannot be compensated.

The repeated practice of evil, obliterates from the mind every virtuous sentiment, and renders man as it respects moral goodness, akin to infernal spirits.

In a retrospection of the subject, we shall perceive the folly of disregarding: and how much of our present and future safety and happiness, depends on our esteeming the mild precepts of christianity; how necessary it is to avoid the indulgence of anger, and bad company.

This dispensation of mercy under which we live, is the greatest blessing we can enjoy; and it is our duty to view with holy abhorrence, those characters, who would subvert the christian religion, and introduce in its stead, *Deism* or *licentious principles*.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards?—"Because" answered Paddy, "there was an hole on the other side."

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FISHERMAN.

An Italian Anecdote.

The Marquis Della Scala once invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided. Some of the company had already arrived in order to pay their early respects to his excellency, when the Major Domo all in a hurry, came into the dining room, 'My lord. said he, here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish I believe in all Italy; but then he demands such a price for it.'—'Regard not the price (cried the Marquis) pay it him down directly.'—'So I would please your highness but he refuses to take money.'—'Why what would the fellow have?'—'A hundred strokes of the strappado on his back my Lord: he says he will not 'bate a single blow. Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. 'A fine fish a most exquisite fish (cried the Marquis)? what is your demand my friend? You shall be instantly paid.'—'Not a *quartrini*, my lord: I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you

must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back: If not I shall go and apply elsewhere.'—'Rather than lose our fish said his highness, let the fellow have his humour.'—Here added he (speaking to one of his grooms) discharge this honest mans demand: but do not lay it on very hard, do not hurt the poor devil a great deal.' The fishmonger then stripped and the groom prepared to put his lords orders in execution. 'Now my friend (cried he) keep good account I beseech you, for I am not desirous of a single stroke beyond my due.' The Marquis and his friends all stood amazed while this operation was performing. At length when the executioner had given the fiftieth lash the fisherman immediately exclaimed 'Hold! hold! I have received my full share of the price.'—'Your share!' replied the Marquis what can you mean by that.' 'Why my lord you must know that I have a partner in this business. My honor is engaged to let him have half of whatever I should get: and I imagine your highness will in a short time acknowledge that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.' 'And pray my friend who is this same partner of yours?' It is the Porter my Lord who guards the gate of your Highnesses palace. He refused to admit me but on the condition of promising to give the half of what I should get for my fish.' 'O ho! (exclaimed the

Marquis breaking out into a laugh) by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale.'

Here the Porter was sent for and stripped to the skin, and two grooms laid upon him with might and main, till he was almost fit to be sainted for a second Bartholomew. The Marquis then ordered his Major Domo to pay the fisherman 20 *Sequins*, and desired him to call yearly for the same sum, as a recompence for the friendly service he had rendered him.

F.

ANECDOTES.

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in a passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possessed of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of the one they had, to make a separation. In this state they continued some time, till one night as they both lay awake wishing for a reconciliation, but neither daring to make their first advances, the husband chanced to sneeze upon which his wife kindly said, *Heaven bless you, my dear*. Do you speak that from your heart? says the man—indeed I do, answered she: *well then*, says he, "take away the board."

A GOOD ONE.

A gentleman in this vicinity, planted a field of about an acre, with Potatoes. While walking,

one morning, in his field he was surprised by a wonderful buzzing which appeared to proceed from among the potatoe vines. He applied his ear to the ground, and distinctly heard the potatoes whispering to each other, "*Lie further, don't crowd so,*" On uncovering a hill he found, that although there had been but one potato thrown into each hill and the hills had been situated at least 3 feet apart, there was not room in the field for the number which had been produced, and that they had been elbowing and fighting each other until there was scarcely one potatoe with a whole skin!!! *Port. Gaz.*

On Wednesday night last about 11 o'clock, a large meateor, or ball of fire was seen from Strafford. It arose in the West, and was observed to leave a train or tail of flame, till it came more immediately over the town. It was of the size of a cannon ball, and moved with considerable volocity at first but passing directly East, its progress gradually diminished till it disappeared. It being the last day of the Races, some of the Bachanalian visitors, whom it surprised over their cups, were thrown into a momentary alarm. The "Jolly God" having stolen a march upon them, they supposed that the Comet had stolen a march upon the earth: and under the impression they shot madly from their spheres (the orbits of the bottle)

thinking probably, if the earth should be burned up, that it would at least be a good opportunity of *bilking the spot*.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, December 7, 1811.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."*

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.

By several vessels which arrived yesterday from North-Carolina, we have received the distressing news of the wreck of the schooner *Hiram*, of Providence, on *Ocrococke Bar*.

The following information relative to the above mentioned vessel and the unfortunate passengers, we have collected from people in this city. The schooner was chartered by a Mr. Perrin, of New-Haven, to carry himself and family to Wilmington, (N. C.) There were on board more than twenty persons, among whom were Mr. Perrin and family. Mr. Fraser, of Woodbury, (Conn.) and several other names not known; all of whom were supposed to have perished. It is said several dead bodies were driven on shore, among them were two women and a child.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A pamphlet, entitled, *Truth, in Simplicity*, or, a pursuit after her.—Being reflections on hearing a Sermon, on Universal Salvation. Lately preached in this city.

To A Correspondent.

Our Friend F. who was so polite, as to favour us, with a Turkish Tale will, I hope do us the kindness of furnishing us with another copy. As through carelessness of the Compositor holding it up to the candle, it took fire and burnt up.

Editor.

Married.

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Anthony Kohlman, Mr. John Murray, of the firm of Murray and Burrie, merchants, to Miss Eleanor Burke, daughter of Mr. Denis Burke, all of this city.

At Troy, Ebenezer Wilson Jun. to Miss Bulah Creed.

At Friends Meeting house, Shrewsbury, Peter T. Walcott, to Hannah Coxon.

At Friends Meeting Alexandria, Phineas Janny, to Sally Hartshorn.

On the 14th inst. at Friends Meeting, in Abington, Samuel Longstreth, of this city merchant, to Sarah Redwood Fisher, second daughter of Miers Fisher esq. late of this city, now of Ury in the county of Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, James C. Magnaran to Miss Margaret Fox.

At Fairfield, Mr. Anson Hubbell, merchant of New-York, to Miss Eliza Squire daughter of Mr. Joseph Squire.

In Norwalk, (Con.) by the rev. R. Swan, Mr. Philetus Brush, of South-East, (N.Y.) to Miss Esther Wood, of the former place.

The fire of love can ne'er decline
When Brush & Wood do both combine
To keep the flame a going;
The Brush has kindled, and the Wood
Has caught the heat, and as its good
'Twill need but little blowing.

From such an union we may hope,
That under Brush will soon rise up,
And greatly thrive increase and prove
"The sweet efforts of mutual love."

At Coventry, (Con.) on the evening of the 17th ult. by the rev. Mr. Woodruff, Dr. Daniel Avery, aged 50, to Miss Percy Porter, aged 48, after a protracted courtship of 25 years!!

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Francis Burras Cabinet Maker, to Miss Eliza Skyler Skaats, all of this city,

At Newark, Joel Dunham, to Miss Lucy Baldwin.

In Pleasant Valley, Ohio, after a court ship of one evening. Doctor Johannes Wilhelmus Frederic Van Der Bump, aged 63 years, to the blooming Miss Amy Joy, aged only 71.

... Ply the bellows quickly ...

Bid the expiring embers live !

Though 'birds of a feather will flock together,' says a London paper, as is exemplified by the marriage of Mr. Crow and Miss Rook, their association is not more natural than another matrimonial union which recently took place, and to which Miss Peas was, with all due solemnity, conjoined to Mr. Bacon.

At Bethlehem, Northampton County, State of Pennsylvania, the rev. Andrew Benade, director of the Young Ladies Academy there, to the amiable Miss Maria Henry, second daughter of the Hon. William Henry esq. Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas &c. for Northampton County.

At Washington, Joseph Pearson, esq. representative from N. Carolina, to Miss Eleanor Brent, daughter of Robert Brent esq.

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

Died.

On the 2d inst. at his residence in Philadelphia sincerely lamented Col. John Robert, aged 54 years, a man of unblemished character, loved affectionately by his relatives and friends, honored and respected by all who knew him.

On Wednesday morning last, after a short illness, Miss Rebecca Dally, aged 19 years.

On Tuesday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mr. Jeremiah Stow.

On Sunday morning last, after a long

and painful illness, capt. William Parker, Jun. aged 33 years, much respected, and his death lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was one of God's noblest works, an honest man.

On Tuesday James Byrne, Jun. in the 21st year of his age. son of James Byrne, Auctioneer of this city.

On Thursday morning last much regretted, of a long and painful illness, Moses Miller.

On Thursday morning last, after a short illness, Mr. James Bramble, in the 17th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant.

On Friday, 15 inst. Milton F. Cushing esq. post-master, editor and proprietor of the American Union, of Somers, in Westchester county, N. Y. He left his office on business, apparently in perfect health, and in the afternoon of the same day, while at the house of Mr. Ebenezer Wood, in South Salam, he was violently seized with the plurycy, and on Tuesday about 10 o'clock, melancholly to relate he expired.

In the death of Mr. Cushing the public, and more particularly the village of Somers has experienced an almost irreparable loss. Few have lived more respected and beloved ; none have died more sincerely lamented ; he was industrious, prudent and persevering in business ; honorable in his dealings ; a kind and affectionate husband ; a fond and tender parent ; a sincere friend ; a benevolent neighbour ; and a well wisher of mankind.

He was 24 years of age. Has left an aged father and mother, a wife and one small child, and a numerous train of relatives and friends to lament the loss.

Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky,

Elate with hope, we deem'd no danger nigh.

When lo ! a whirlwind's boisterous gust.

Left all its virtues mouldering in the dust.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.



BY SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

AWAKE THE HARP'S SLUMBERS.

Tune—*Save me from death*
Awake the harp's slumbers to pleasure's
soft lay,
The taper shall dart its beams thro the
hall ;
From the tempests of war, and the bat-
tles loud bray,
We'll dearly obey mirth's heart-thrilling
call
Ah ! change the light strain ! bid the
sorrow arise,
To the ghost of each warrior as pen-
sive it flies ;
To triumph or death,
They strode o'er the heath,
And sweet is the sleep that encircles
their eyes.

On the breast of the brave melting beau-
ty shall cling,
And nobly for him the goblet be crown-
ed ;
The feast shall be spread, and the harp's
throbbing string,
Shall stream to his praise in magic
around.

Oh ! blest is the effort, and light is
the toil,

When we raise the bright spear for
our dear native soil !

To triumph or death,
We stride o'er the heath,
To fight for our country or die with a
smile.

FROM THE PHILA. REPERTORY.

THE ORPHAN'S PETITION.

O ! turn not the orphan away from your
door,
Bestow but a trifle to soothe her dis-
tress ;
And he who looks down on the friendless
and poor,
Your heaven born charity tenfold will
bless.

Behold how the pavement is red with
my gore,
That runs from my feet, by the cruel
stones torn.
O ! be not as flinty as they, I implore,
Lest death strike me cold at your gate
ere the morn !

My cold shiv'ring limbs in these tatter'd
weeds clad ;
Say, cannot these touch with pity
your breast ?
Then think that a trifle will make this
heart glad,
And to my fond indigent mother
bring rest !

Ah ! say, does that move you ? a mother's
in grief,
And for her daughter a pittance would
crave ;
To give to the torments of sickness
relief,
And snatch her, perhaps, from the
brink of the grave !

Suppose your dear mother lay helpless
and wan,
And you to relieve her should brave
the keen air,
Suppose that the affluent should bid you
begone,

And perish thy mother in grief and
despair !"

Say, you have a mother than think
what I feel,

Should sorrow and penury round her
appear ;

O ! yes you'll assist me, your heart is
not steel,

For see, on your cheek falls the piti-
ful tear !

O ! eloquent nature, in vain you ne'er
plead,

This boon doth a beam of sweet com-
fort impart :

And you too have gain'd, for this mer-
ciful deed,

A smile from your God, and a tear
from my heart

Behold how it rises and breaks on my
cheek,

'Tis a tear that the soul's deep reces-
ses reveals ;

More loudly than words ever did does
it speak,

And, glist'ning, declares all my bo-
som now feels !

'Tis gratitude bids it arise from its
source,

'Tis transports that makes it refulgent
and clear ;

'Tis hope, cheering hope, that now
guides its sweet course,

Ah ! say, who would blush while they
shed such a tear !

VALERIAN.

INVITING PATCH.

That mole upon your cheek, dear Kitty,
I own is beautiful, small and pretty,

But ah ! if near your lips its scite,
Eternal kisses would excite.

Beneath her enticing lips next day
A lovely patch enticing lay.

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and wishes to employ his time in this
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profession, he will be thankful for, and
will strictly attend to all orders left for
him at No. 12 Henry street,
August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed
to No. 145 Broadway, where he conti-
nues to procure money on Mortgages,
notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells
houses, improved farms, & tracts of land
Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-
sonable commission.—Also the lease of
2 houses, & an annuity. Also for sale 30
farms, several with good improvements,
will be sold low, goods & property of e-
very sort taken in payment, or any who
forms a company tickets & draw for the
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character, will meet with encouragement
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